

SONNET LXXVII.



HE proudest Planet in his highest
sphere^
Saturn, enthronist in thy frowning
brows !
Next awful Jove, thy majesty doth bear!
And unto dreadful Mars, thy courage
bows! Drawn from thy noble
grandfathers of might.
Amongst the laurel-crowned Poets sweet,
And sweet Musicians, take the place by
right!
For Phoebus, with thy graces thought it
meet* Venus doth sit upon thy lips, and
chin !
And Hermes hath enriched thy wits
divine!
Phoebe with chaste desires, thine heart
did win! The Planets thus to thee, their
powers resign !
Whom Planets honour thus, is any
such ?
My Muse* then, cannot honour her too
much !

SONNET LXXIX.



JOvETOus Eyes ! What did you late
behold ?
My Rival graced with a sun-bright
smile!
Where he, with secret signs, was
sweetly told
Her thoughts; with winks, which
all men might
beguile! Audacious, did
I see him kiss that hand
Which holds the reins of my
unbridled heart!
And, softly wringing it, did closely
stand
Courting with love terms, and in
lover's art! Next (with his fingers
kissed) he touched her middle !
Then saucy, (with presumption
uncontrolled)
To hers, from his eyes, sent regards
by riddle ! At length, he kissed her
cheek ! Ah me ! so bold!

To bandy with bel-guards in
interchange.

Blind mine eyes, Envy ! that they
may not range!